THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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THE SUSPICIOUS LOVER.

A MORAL TALE.

—

Mr. SIDNEY, a gentleman poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate, became violently in love with a Miſs Eardley, a very aimable young lady, with a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds. Her complexion was fair, and ſhe had a moſt pleaſing ſet of features: her whole figure, indeed, was ſufficient to command admiration, without that irreſiſtible charm, money, which can make even deformity beautiful. She had, however, ſtill more valuable attractions than thoſe already mentioned. She had a mind as faultleſs as her form: ſhe had a cultivated underſtanding, an excellent heart, and a cheerfulneſs of diſpoſition which rendered her agreeable to every body who knew her. With ſuch a perſon ſuch a mind, and ſuch a fortune, ſhe could not but gain a number of admirers. However, though ſhe had been her own miſtreſs above two years, being turned of three-and-twenty, before ſhe became acquainted with Mr. Sidney, ſhe had not declared herſelf in favour of any of her crowd of followers; not from a vain and too common a deſire of encouraging a train of Lovers, merely for the ſake of flirting with them all, and keeping them in ſuſpence, by way of amuſement; but becauſe ſhe had not, till ſhe knew Sidney, felt that kind of inclination for any of them, which ſhe thought it neceſſary for her to feel for the man whom ſhe intended to marry.

Miſs Eardley had been for ſeveral years almoſt adored by a Mr. Selway, a gentleman who with a good eſtate, had alſo a reſpectable character; but his underſtanding was not poliſhed agreeably to her wiſhes: however, though he had not thoſe brilliant accompliſhments by which the majority of the fair ſex are dazzled, he had ſuch a fund of good nature, and loved her with ſo much apparent ſincerity, that ſhe had often lamented it not being in her power to beſtow that heart upon him which he thoroughly, ſhe ſometimes thought, deſerved: believing, at the ſame time, ſhe ſhould do him the greateſt injury by giving him her hand, when ſhe was incapable of feeling the affection which he merited.

In this ſituation was Miſs Eardley with Mr. Selway, when Sidney firſt met with her at *Ranelagh*, in company with ſeveral of his acquaintance. By joining *them* immediately, he had an opportunity to find that Louiſa Eardley's mind was in every reſpect as charming as her perſon. *She* was no leſs pleaſed with *his* converſation, and his very inſinuating aſſiduities ſoon raiſed her in the ſtrongeſt prepoſſeſſions in his favour. Her modeſty and her diſcretion prevented her from making too quick a diſcloſure of what had paſſed in her heart; yet Sidney had ſufficient penetration to diſcern, that ſhe treated him with more attention than he had reaſon to expect upon a firſt interview.

This accidental meeting between Sidney and Miſs Eardley, was ſo agreeable to them both, that their friends, found no difficult matter to procure a ſecond rencontre.

Sidney now reſpectfully ſolicited Louiſa's permiſſion to viſit her when the doors were open to the reſt of her friends. This favour ſhe did not feel herſelf in the leaſt inclined to refuſe. Repeated viſits brought on, of courſe, an intimacy; and that ſerved to make Sidney appear to additional advantage. Louiſa, indeed, in a ſhort time gave him reaſon enough to believe that he might venture to throw himſelf and his fortune at her feet, without any apprehenſions of being rejected; and while ſhe was expecting ſuch a procedure from him, made every neceſſary enquiry about his character, fortune, and general behaviour. To moſt of her enquiries ſhe received very ſatisfactory anſwers;—but ſhe was not quite ſatisfied with her intelligence relating to her lover: he was imagined to be rather of a *ſuſpicious* temper. This *ſhade* in his character gave her a little concern: it was a pity, ſhe thought, that a man ſo uncommonly amiable ſhould have ſuch a flaw in his diſpoſition; yet, upon mature conſideration, ſhe ſuppoſed, that as ſhe was abſolute miſtreſs of her own temper, and as ſhe believed ſhe ſhould never render her fidelity ſuſpected by the man whom ſhe loved well enough to marry, this failing might be overlooked better than ſome others.

While her ideas were in this intereſting agitation, Selway, who had heard, and indeed ſeen (for he often appeared with her in public), that Sidney was the moſt favoured of all her admirers, was inexpreſſibly pained at the probability of loſing all hopes of her. She had not, it is true, at any time encouraged him to reckon upon her intention to become his wife; but ſhe had behaved with an equality of reſpect and politeneſs to all her admirers.—She had not, till now, drawn a diſtinguiſhing line.

Alarmed with the thoughts of being only deprived of Miſs Eardley's company and converſation, he was alſo affected by them in a manner prejudicial to his health; they threw him into a hectic fever, and his friends began to be apphehenſive of fatal conſequences. Some of them preſſed him to let them go and tell Miſs Eardley, that he could not live without her; but he poſitively forbade them to ſpeak to her about him, ſaying, that he knew ſhe preferred Mr. Sidney, and that *he* would, at all times, prefer *her* happineſs to *his own*.

This diſintereſted reply did not loſe its value by being related to Miſs Eardley; yet, though ſhe diſcovered great merit in the man who delivered it, ſhe did not find Sidney's company and converſation leſs inſinuating: he gained upon her, indeed, every hour ſhe ſaw and heard him. However, though ſhe had almoſt reſolved to be his, ſhe was ſorry to find that the accounts ſhe had received concerning his ſuſpicious temper were too much to be depended upon, from many little proofs of it which eſcaped him. She had alſo rather a diſlike to his ſervant, who was treated, ſhe thought, with more conſideration than he deſerved, as he behaved to *him*, and ſometimes to *her*, with a freedom not at all becoming. Yet ſtill there was ſomething ſo pleaſing in Sidney's ſociety, that her taſte approved what her judgment condemned. She concluded alſo, that by her own regular conduct *after* marriage, and by expreſſing her diſapprobation of the failings which offended her *before*, ſhe ſhould entirely remove them, and have influence enough over the *maſter* to procure the *ſervant's* diſmiſſion, ſhould he continue to be impertinent.

While ſhe was in this ſtate of rumination, ſhe had an opportunity to make a trial of her influence over her huſband. After having hinted her ſentiments one day with regard to the liberties which he permitted *John* to take, ſhe added a wiſh that ſuch a perſon might not be taken into the family as a ſpy over her.

Sidney, though he was by no means pleaſed at her finding fault with his ſervant, eſpecially as he began to be ſure, in his own mind, that ſhe muſt want looking after, from the uneaſineſs ſhe diſcovered about the obſervation of her conduct, did not think it a proper time, not being married to her, to let his ſuſpicion appear. He therefore ſubmiſſively apologized for the behaviour of his ſervant, and aſſured her that he ſhould take care to correct him for his impertinence. He did ſo, and reprimanded him with a ſeverity which was carried too far; a ſeverity which he neither forgot nor forgave. Louiſa, on the other hand, thinking no more of this affair, and conſcious of being perfectly innocent, continued to behave with her accuſtomed eaſe, chearfulneſs and good-humour to Sidney, and to every other perſon: but Sidney alone was particularly diſtinguiſhed; *he* was permitted to believe that all his wiſhes would, in a proper time, be accompliſhed. Her whole carriage to him, indeed, was ſo unreſerved, and there was ſo agreeable a frankneſs in her manner, that the entire removal of ſuſpicion from his mind might have been very reaſonably expected by her. Whenever ſhe went abroad, ſhe acquainted *him* with her motions, and moſt commonly contrived to have *him* invited to be of the party.

During her acquaintance with Sidney, Louiſa received a preſſing invitation from an old friend of her mother's, who had an elegant houſe and garden about twenty miles from London, to come and ſpend a week with her. This invitation, not imagining that her ſhort abſence would be at all diſagreeable to her lover, as matters were ſo far advanced between them, ſhe readily accepted; and informed the old lady in a letter, that ſhe would wait on her, but that ſhe could not ſpend above three days with her; ſhortening her requeſted ſtay out of compliment to her *Future*, whom ſhe left apparently in raptures at her conſideration for him, though he, at the ſame time, expreſſed the greateſt deſire to ſee her return. No ſooner was ſhe gone, however, than he began to grow very uneaſy, and to ſuſpect ſomething, though he could not well tell what: he was ſuſpicious merely becauſe he had not been invited by Mrs. Brander (that was the lady's name) when ſhe invited Louiſa, who did not, indeed, imagine that her behaviour would be conſiſtent with decorum, if ſhe gave Sidney an invitation to her houſe with Miſs Eardley—a gentleman with whom ſhe had no acquaintance.

Mrs. Brander, on the arrival of Louiſa, diſcovered the higheſt ſatisfaction at the ſight of her. "I

have heard," ſaid ſhe " of your going to change your name, my dear, and I ſincerely hope, that whenever you *do* change it, you will be happy. I hope alſo," continued ſhe, ſmiling, " that you will bring the man of your choice to this place, as I am ſure *he* muſt enjoy a conſiderable deal of happineſs who has gained the affections of Miſs Eardley."

Louiſa bluſhed, thanked her for her polite addreſs, and turned the converſation to general ſubjects.

When they had been chatting a little while, Mrs. Brander carried Louiſa into her gardens, to ſhew her what improvements ſhe had made in them ſince *ſhe* had ſeen them; and thoſe improvements, indeed, gave her ſo much pleaſure, that ſhe could not help launching out into expreſſions bordering upon the rapturous. In ſhort, ſhe was ſo charmed with the ſtriking varieties around her, and with the exquiſite diſpoſition of wood, water, &c. that ſhe ſpent hour after hour in them with new delight.

On the very ſecond day of her arrival, while ſhe was taking a walk in the evening with Mrs. Brander, *that* was ſent for in to a couple of gentlemen. One of them came upon buſineſs; the other was a friend of his come to ſtay a little time at his houſe for the benefit of the air. While the former was explaining his buſineſs, the latter allured by a fine view of the garden, begged Mrs. Brander's permiſſion to ſee a little more of it. Accordingly, he left his friend with her, to gratify his curioſity.

Scarce had he reached a remarkable caſcade, when he ſaw, to his great ſurpriſe, Miſs Eardley; and *ſhe* immediately recognized Mr. Selway. The unexpected ſight of the woman for whom he had been almoſt dying, fluttered him exceedingly; he turned pale, and his tongue faultered while he addreſſed himſelf to her. Pitying his embarraſſment, ſhe was prompted, by the natural goodneſs of her heart, and her benevolent diſpoſition, not only to ſpeak to him in very mild and gentle accents, but to turn back and walk with him. She alſo ſtrove, by treating him with great conſideration, by diſcovering even a concern for him, to reſtore him to himſelf. He, on the other hand, charmed with ſuch amiable condeſcenſions at a time when he had all the reaſon in the world to believe her engaged to another, could not help opening his whole heart to her, and lamenting, in a more pathetic manner than he had yet done, his not being able to gain the affections of ſo valuable a woman.

The energy with which he delivered himſelf, his emaciated appearance, and the whole turn of his affecting countenance, more forcibly attracted her attention.

Juſt at that moment, in another part of the garden, appeared Sidney and his man John. Having followed Louiſa privately to Mrs. Brander's, they had taken lodgings in her neighborhood at a farm-houſe; from thence the latter was continually ſallying forth upon the watch, in hopes of finding out ſomething in Miſs Eardley's conduct which might make his maſter break off his engagement with her. At the ſight of the chaiſe which brought Selway and his friend driving into Mrs. Brander's court-yard, he flew to fetch his maſter, telling him that Louiſa was certainly come down on purpoſe to meet her old Lover, and that he could get him into the grounds by means of the gardener, with whom he had made an acquaintance.

Sidney ſtarted with anger and ſurpriſe at the ſight to which his ſervant introduced him—his miſtreſs and his rival in cloſe converſation. Advancing to Louiſa with a precipitation occaſioned by his jealouſy, he reproached her in the moſt virulent terms. She heard him out with more patience than he had reaſon to expect. Selway looked aſtoniſhed and offended at his preſumption.

When her ſuſpicious Lover ceaſed ſpeaking, Louiſa deſired Selway to tell him whether ſhe was falſe to him or not.

Selway, in more ſpirited language than ſhe had ever heard him make uſe of, not only vindicated her from the unjuſt aſperſions thrown out againſt her, but very feelingly regretted his misfortune in never having been capable of making himſelf worthy of her regard: concluding, "That had he ever been ſo bleſt as to have touched her heart, he ſhould not have abuſed her kindneſs, by injuriouſly ſuſpecting her of a duplicity moſt foreign to her heart."

"No, Mr. Selway," replied Louiſa, interrupting him, "I dare believe you would not have abuſed it: to *you*, therefore, I give my hand, as you are the moſt deſerving of it."

Sidney, almoſt petrified with aſtoniſhment and vexation, knew not what to ſay:—He retired with confuſion, but not without caſting a fierce look at *John*, who had, out of a mean revenge for Miſs Eardley's having, by a proper complaint of his impertinence, procured him a proper correction, added fuel to his ſuſpicion, and driven him to behave in a manner for which no apology could be framed.

While Sidney was thus ſeverely puniſhed for his ſuſpicious temper, Selway was amply rewarded for all his ſufferings as a Lover; becauſe he had ever ſtudied the happineſs of the woman he loved more than his own.

ON MAY.

"Our love of Novelty, which is a leading principle in the heart of Man, implanted in us for the moſt benevolent purpoſes by the Author of our frame, is particularly gratified at this ſeaſon of the year: the appearance which things aſſume is not only pleaſing to us on account of its natural beauty, but alſo from its newneſs to the eye. During the Winter, all Nature ſeems to ſuffer a melancholy diſtreſs; the animal creation droops; their ſpirits ſeem ſunk into dumb deſpair, and we read their languid ſituation in the mute imploring eye; the vegetable world ſeems all tending to decay; and a general ſcene of calamity overſpreads the face of Nature. From this ſtate to ſee gradually a new creation emerging, and every thing reviving with renovated vigour, cannot fail of pleaſing our imagination. The whole race of animal life feels the genial influence of the ſoft ſeaſon; from a turbulence of clouds, and all the inclemencies of the elements, the ſcene is ſhifted to enlivening ſuns, blue ſkies, hills cloathed with verdure, embowering ſhades, refreſhing ſtreams, and the harmony of the grove."

ANECDOTE for the LADIES.

'TWAS at our Holy Roman Chappel,
Where nought is heard but Latin prattle,
Where Iriſh, French, and Dutch repair
To croſs themſelves and ſay a prayer;
Here, in a pew, two Ladies ſat,
And paſs'd their time in pleaſing chat.
The Devil, who's always on the lurch,
Behind ſuch people in a Church,
In ſhort-hand way, with pencil'd marks,
Took down the words of theſe two ſparks
On parchment ſkin, and when the roll
Would hold no more, it was ſo full,
His Devilſhip began to pull
And ſtretch it with his teeth, which failing,
He knock'd his head againſt the railing.
The Prieſt, he laugh'd, tho' then at Maſs;
To ſee the Devil ſuch an aſs,
To think that parchment-roll, or e'en a ſkin,
Could hold two women's chat, when they begin.

SHANDY.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON SEEING A PIECE OF NEEDLE WORK.

TO guide the pencil with unerring ſkill,
And trace the ſubject which you mean to fill;
In richeſt fancy, bid the Tulip blow,
And each ſmall ſprig in full perfection glow:
By nature taught, theſe arts are thine ſweet maid,
To blend the colors and to give the ſhade.

Flora with envy will behold from far,
The ſhining beauties of thy rich partar;
And while ſhe waits the changing ſeaſons round,
Your blooming flowers are in perfection found.

Go on, dear girl, the pleaſing taſk purſue,
Others have ſtrove, but none have equall'd you:
With wonder we ſurvey the pleaſing ſcene,
And love Miſs A**** when we view her *Screen*.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

WRITTEN UPON A LADY'S FAN.

GO, little toy, go grace the charmer's hand,
Bid gentle zephyrs riſe at her command;
Correct the heat that doth her breaſt invade,
And cool the boſom of the lovely maid:

When *Damon* would his tender flame reveal,
The virgin bluſhes of the fair conceal;
And if the ſwain would rudely ſteal a kiſs,
Go ſhade her lips and rob him of the bliſs.

Unhappy effects of a faſhionable female education.

A FRAGMENT.

"FOR God's ſake, a penny, to ſave a wretch from ſtarving," ſaid a poor meagre, ragged female, at 11 o'clock at night; Curioſity and compaſſion induced an enquiry. What was the reſult? The once accompliſhed Meliſſa, who ſhone the firſt ſtar, in the moſt brilliant circles, but a few years ſince, through a ſeries of misfortunes, which ſtripped her family of its eſtate, is now a houſeleſs, friendleſs, friendleſs child of want. She was early initiated in every accompliſhment of the bon ton—But the hour of adverſity was not contemplated, and conſequently not provided for. "O, ſir, ſaid ſhe, if I had been taught to handle the diſtaff, and my mind had been impreſſed with early ſentiments of humility, and the importance of induſtrious habits, when the dream of diſſipation was over, I could not have fallen a prey to the airs of ſeduction, and now experience the vanity of my once boaſted education." Hapleſs Meliſſa, may thy example impreſs the maxims of wiſdom and benevolence on the minds of the affluent, and teach them to unite the uſeful with the ornamental, in the education of their children, ſince riches are an uncertain inheritance.

Notice—by an Iriſh Teague.

DIVORCES contrived and executed at the ſhorteſt notice, by Phelim M'Brawn, of the kingdom of Ireland, who ſays it himſelf, that he has the prettieſt hand in a *crim. con.* of any man in England, except thoſe who live in the province of Connought; and he aſſures the *ſweet creatures*, that may be inclined to run away from their huſbands, that he has the moſt convenient, ſnug retreat, where they may fly from all purſuit *without ſtirring a ſtep*. His terms are very reaſonable, as he is a gentleman of the blood-royal, and can therefore live *without making an appearance*.

Philadelphia, *May* 30.

By the ship Severn, arrived at New-York last Thursday, a confirmation of the account of an engagement between the French and British fleets in the Mediterranean, is received—It appears that the British lost one ship, (the Tarleton) and the French two, (the Ca Ira and Censeur,) the former of 80 guns, and the latter 74. The French fleet were loaded with troops, the Ca Ira having on board thirteen hundred men, and the Censeur one thousand, of whom, by their gallant defence, they lost between three and four hundred men. The loss of the British is stated at 75 killed, and 280 wounded.

Extract of a letter from Joshua M' Williams, Commander of the sloop Martha, to a merchant in this city.

Port-de-Paix, May 2, 1795.

Sir,

Since my last of the 7th ult. I have delivered the whole of my flour to the administration; on delivery of which, a dispute arose respecting the quality, which was determined by the court of admiralty of this place in my favour, after two weeks demur, during which there were three different surveys upon it; the agents for administration wished to curtail three dollars per barrel, for which I stood trial, and it was finally determined against them. In my last I informed you of my intention of leaving the property and returning home, but some circumstances have occurred since, which determines me to wait the event, tho' my prospect of receiving payment is but but little better than when I wrote you last: I cannot count on receiving my payment in less than four months from the present*, but shall not depart from this (unless forced) until I receive payment. I shall embrace every opportunity of writing for your information. I remain your humble servant.

JOSHUA M'WILLIAMS.

* Capt. M'Williams arrived at Port-de-Paix the 23d March, and should he effect his departure by the 22d September next, which is very doubtful, he will then have experienced a detention of near six months—no short time for a vessel of about 600 barrels.

A most melancholy event took place in the town of Newark, New-Jersey, on Monday last; Mr. Benjamin Cleveland, silversmith, buried an infant child of about seven months old, on the 12th inst. the loss of which afflicted his wife with a grief too sensible and too weighty to be supported, and, we presume, induced her to form the fatel resolution of abandoning a fond husband and two small children to follow her infant into the the regions of death, which she accomplished in the following manner.

About mid-day she expressed a desire to go into the church-yard to visit the grave of her infant, and requested her husband to take care of the children in her absence. He did not oppose her going, thinking it might tend to alleviate her grief by giving vent to it. He observed as she parted from him the tear standing in her eye. After she had been some time gone, he looked into the church-yard, to which his house is contiguous, and saw her sitting on the grave of her child. Anxious for her return he, a few minutes after, looked out again, and observed her lying extended over the grave. Alarmed with the apprehension that the excess of her grief might possibly have thrown her into a fit, he hastened to the spot, where, horrid to relate! he was shocked with the heart-rending spectacle of his beloved wife, weltering in her own blood, and just expiring! She had taken a razor with her, with which she had cut her throat quite through the wind-pipe!

Thus fell into an untimely grave an amiable woman, in the bloom of life, whose memory will be long dear to her neighbors and acquaintance, while the recollection of the distressful circumstances of her death will excite mingled emotions of pity and of horror.

From the Quebec Gazette, of May 7.

Died, on Tuesday evening, *Francois Lajus*, son of Doctor Lajus, of this city, and apprentice in this office, a young man about seventeen years of age, of very promising abilities, and the most amiable disposition, in consequence of a wound received in the head on Monday morning last, by a musket ball fired through the window into the Printing Office. The Coroner's inquest brought in their verdict yesterday morning, "*Wilful murder*, by some person or persons unknown."

Yesterday, Abel Willard, who had been apprehended on strong suspicion of having committed the above murder, strangled himself in goal,—The inquest brought in their verdict, *Insanity*.

Proceedings of the Circuit Court of the United States, now sitting.

On Saturday last, the 23d inst. John Etienne Guenet, a native of France, and citizen of the United States, was tried on a charge of being knowingly concerned in furnishing, fitting out, and arming a ship called the Les Jumeaux, with an intention that she should cruise and commit hostilities on the subjects of foreign powers in amity with the United States.

It appeared in evidence, that the ship Les Jumeaux had come into the port of Philadelphia with a cargo, as a merchantman, had been armed and fitted out for hostile purposes, and notwithstanding the vigilant measures taken by the officers of government, the parties concerned, by promising and appearing to comply with the measures directed, (which were conformable to those in the case of the Jane, a British ship, in 1793) and by secret and nocturnal supplies, had effected their design.

The agency of the defendant being clearly proved, he was, after an ingenious defence by his counsel, convicted of the misdemeanor.

Yesterday he received his sentence, which was to pay a fine of 400 dollars, and to stand committed for the term of 12 calendar months.

On Monday John Mitchell was put to the bar, and after a trial of eleven hours, was convicted of treasons committed in the county of Allegheny.

ST. JOHN's, (Antigua) April 27.

Our affairs at Saint Lucia, by the latest accounts, bear a favorable aspect. About 400 Republicans, from Guadaloupe, were landed there a few nights ago, and were marching to their camp, or strong hold, as it is called; but they were accidently met on their way by some British troops, who attacked them with such vigour and success, that upwards of 250 of them were killed on the spot, the rest escaped under favour of the night. The loss on our side we have not heard.

It is confidently reported, that an American vessel left Martinique a few days ago, with a number of unfortunate French emigrants on board, bound to America, to seek an asylum in that country in these perilous and dreadful times; but from what cause we know not, the American captain carried them into Point a Petre, where they are confined, and we fear may suffer death. Such perfidy will not go unpunished.

PARIS, March 23.

A citizen of Montargis has proposed a new mode of punishment for the terrorists, blood drinkers, and members of the Revolutionary Committees, who have abused their power by plundering, robbing and murdering the innocent. It is, that they be transported to Barbary and sold for corn—that they may feed the very people they were willing to devour.

The Empress of Russia, has offered to garrison with her troops, the kingdoms of Hungary and Galicia, while the Austrians should be employed in reconquering the provinces on the Rhine and Belgium, taken by the French.

TOLOSA, (Spain) Feb. 12.

For several days the severe cold and heavy falls of snow, have prevented the French from advancing; their army consists of 76 battalions—is commanded by General Moncey, and extends from Villa Franche to Apeytia, a valley where is situated the celebrated church of St. Jean de Loyola—thus they hold about six miles of Spanish territory, and from which they procure great quantities of corn, wine, hay, &c.

They have blown up the fortifications of Fontarabia, which from their vicinity to the French frontiers, could shelter the enemy—They are busily employed in encreasing and perfecting those of St. Sebastian, and they have formed very close to that town, an entrenched camp large enough to contain a strong army, in case the Spaniards should be bold enough to attack them.

The two important posts of the passage of Guetavia, assure to the French the entire and free possession of the whole of the Gulph of Gascogne; from whence a multitude of privateers swarm incessantly, which destroy the trade of their enemies, and carry in prizes every day.

By this Day's Mail.

NEW-YORK, May 29.

Yesterday the much wished-for ship Severn arrived, in 42 days from Bristol, on board of which, the eminent Patriot and Statesman, the Hon. JOHN JAY, came passenger. His reception was productive of every demonstration of Joy—An innumerable multitude crouded to Ackerley's wharf, where he landed amidst the most eager huzzas; from which he was escorted to his house in Broad way. The impression which this attention of his fellow-citizens made upon his mind, may be more easily conceived than expressed.

A Salute fired from the cannon at the new fortifications on Governor's Island, and a ringing of the church-bells throughout the city, closed the rejoicings of yesterday on this joyous occasion.

PLYMOUTH, March 31.

Provisions are now at a very high price: Flour rose, in the course of the last ten days, four shillings a sack—an alarming circumstance!

French Language.

Mr. J. M. Barthelemy, in addition to his Morning Class for Young Gentlemen, has opened another for Young Ladies, from five to half after six o'clock, P. M. at his House, Dock-street, between Third and Walnut-streets, No. 66. May 16.

JOHN DAVIDSON,

BOOT and SHOE-MAKER,

Informs his FRIENDS and the PUBLIC, that he has commenced Business at No. 99, South Front Street, between Chesnut and Walnut Streets,

PHILADELPHIA,

WHERE all Commands in his Line will be thankfully received, and executed with Neatness, and Punctuality.

MAY 23.

Court of Apollo.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Messrs. Woodruff & Turner,

By publishing in your paper the following lines, written by a young lady (an inhabitant of New-Haven, Connecticut) on the death of the amiable Miss *Harriet Sherman*, you will oblige one who wishes to promote instructive and entertaining productions.

SWEET lovely Maid! fair dew-drop of the morn,
Sweet lovely flow'r of momentary bloom,
Just brighten'd into life t' emit one ray,
And gild a passage to an early tomb.

Vain is the wish, that calls thee back again,
Vain is the wish—Heav'n is thy natal shore;
There free from sorrow, free from every pain,
The ills of life to thee are known no more.

Go, lovely Maid, to Jesus' bosom go,
There peace, there love, there every virtue reigns;
Quick tho' thy exit from this world of woe,
Full be thy bliss on yon celestial plains.

Some cherub soon will call the sisters twain,
And angels hail thy brothers on the way,
Renew'd their lives, they'll quit these climes of pain,
And soar aloft; and brighten into day.

Soon the kind Summons to thy parents borne,
Shall point their passage to their cherub's seat;
Then to their arms restored, whom now they mourn,
That fond embrace will make their heaven compleat.

And when the impulse warms Alphonso's * breast,
And truths divine a listening audience charm;
May he lead myriads to the throne of grace,
There may you meet without one fond alarm.

* *Alphonso is a young gentleman, who was under matrimonial engagements with Miss Sherman; and who is now attening to the study of divinity.*

MORNING.

FROM HALLER.

THE moon retires—nature's dark veil no more obscures the air and earth—twinkling stars disappear—and the reviving warmth of the sun awakens all creatures.

Already are the Heavens adorned with its purple hues and its sparkling sapphires; Aurora, fair harbinger of the day, graciously dispenses smiles; and the brightness of the roses, which wreathe her forehead, dissipates the mist of the night.

The flaming light of the world advances from the eastern gate, triumphantly treading on the shining splendors of the milky way;—clouds, covered with heaven's rubies, oppose him with their lightning, and a flame of gold spreads itself round the horison.

The vigilant hind, flies to the labor-giving field; he guides with careful pleasure the earth piercing plough; in the mean time his ears are delighted by the lightsome bands of minstrels, which sweeten the air and woods with their melodious notes. Thus does benignant Heaven lighten the heavy pressure of toilsome industry!

O Creator! all I see are the effects of thy power; thou art the soul of nature, and dost actuate every part! The stated periods, and glittering appearance of yon orbs, and the unquenching fire of the revolving sun proceeds from thy hands, and boast thy impression.

Thou illumest the solemn moon to guide us amid darkness; thou dost lend wings to the unseen wind, and by night thou dost enrich earth with fruitful dews.

From dust thou hast formed yon proud top mountains; thou hast spread yon firmament, and thou has clothed it with clouds, that it may remain unpolluted by the exploring eye of man.

Thou hast wonderfully formed the veins of that fish which causes rivers to overflow, and which makes whirlpools, and spreads devastation with the flappings of its tail; thou hast built the elephant,—and thou hast animated its enormous bulk, that it resembles a moving mountain.

Thou supportest yon splendid arches of the heavens upon the vast void; and with thy word thou hast produced from chaos the wonderous universe, filled it with order, and given it no other limits than its own grandeur.

Great God! created spirits are too insignificant to raise the glory of thy works! We loose ourselves in their immensity. To tell them, one must resemble them in infinity.

Humble contented, I remain in my own prescribed circle. Incomprehensive being! thy resplendent glories blind the presuming eye of man! and he from whom the earth receives its being, needs not the praises of a worm!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

REVIEW.

Messrs. Printers,

THAT I may not be branded with the imputation of being a splenetic critic, I will for once gratify the refined taste of my readers with a panegyrical rhapsody upon the recent works of a heavenly bard of America, before whose solar brilliance the stellar effulgence of Homer and Virgil vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision, and whose Parnassian splendor will reflect eternal honor upon the American name.—Those inspirative regions late the receptacle of prowling savages are now the nurse of fancy, and Europeans when contemplating the magnificent works of American genius, will sicken at the subtile beams of our great luminary of inspiration.

The poem to which I intend principally to confine this critique, *is entitled* "Rewards and Punishments, or Satan's kingdom Aristocratical," *&c.—and its beauties obviously merit the most ample illustration. Though the printer has imprudently suppressed his name, yet posterity will render him his just tribute of praise, and men of candid discernment will ever venerate our bard as the great literary phenomenon of our western hemisphere.*

After pleading this elegant prefatory apology,

"Yes—all things then will for the better alter,
And you'll excuse the faults of humble author"—

He descends to the exposition of those divine truths; "that touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips," and his inspiration flowing in streams of the most liquid metre, ought certainly to supercede the use of the bible, and to shine with heavenly efficacy in letters of gold. In the present refined age poetry is progressively rising to more than primitive excellence, and as an illustrative proof, Pope's Messiah sinks infinitely beneath the majesty of these lines,—

"And in one oven shall ten women bake—
For want of bread I'll cause your hearts to ake."

"The poets' eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," naturally *catches such* glowing *imagery, and as an ingenious antithesis augments the* deluge *of distress, thus,*

"But of my fury ye shall drink the dregs
Until ye scarce can stand upon your legs;"

By which apt allusion, he very judiciously represents the victims of that brimstone which "shall fill every ditch," as most soakingly drunk with celestial wrath, and forcibly impresses upon the most obdurate heart a sublime sympathy for the wretched Nebuchadnezzar, by the following happy distich—

"Yea, he was wet with heavy dews from heaven,
Until that o'er his head had pass'd years seven."

But, though the superficial critic might perhaps pronounce this as the consummation of poetic excellence, yet it certainly yields in point of elegance to the following lines, which are the result of the most miraculous conception, as they beautifully exhibit the author of nature as smoking a pipe or perhaps a segar, in imitation of some old Dutchman; only with this difference, that instead of the expulsion of the fume from the mouth, it went up out of the nostrils of the deity.

"Out of his nostrils up a smoke there went,
He from his mouth a kindling fire sent."

This will sufficiently evince that our bard certainly possesses that divine enthusiastic fire which heaven has infused into his comprehensive mind, though untutored to science, and

"Though he should study till he crack'd his brain,"

yet it would be impossible for him to display greater solidity of wit than the following exquisite effusion:

"Take but a man who learning never knew,
Inspir'd by God, and he will to you show
More solid wit in one instant of time,
Then the other could in years nine hundred and nine!"

That is, inspiration will give what application will never acquire. What a beautiful coincidence is there between these lines and the solidity* *of Bunyan, who metaphorically*

——sloops,

And seeks to find out by what pins and loops,
By [what] calves *and* sheep, *by* heifers *and by* rams,"

he may display the profundity of his genius. There are indeed mysteries inexplicable in this inspired solidity, and the truth of our bards assertion will be corroborated by the following divine promise which is arrayed in all the eclat of grammatical purity and superfroftical *majesty—*

"And I will bless you when you do go out,
Or cometh *in, or when you turn about."*

Now by way of recapitulation we may observe what Addison did of Paradise Lost, that we can never sufficiently admire this divine poem, and may this celebrated genius never dye his hands except in the blue expansive streams of Helicon. Europe will soon hear of his transcendent fame, and as a tribute justly due to merit, I intend shortly to astonish the world by a rapturous display of inspiration, extracted from authors of the most acknowledged celebrity, and arranged in systematic order somewhat as follows—

BEAUTIES OF THE POETS.

Diversity of opinions—J. Bunyan.

Some said, John, *print it; others said,* Not so,
Some said, It might do good; *others said,* No.

The rising of the sun—Anonymous.

When first the sun appears at day-break,
He issues forth like an earthquake.

Sea Sickness—M. Forrest.

It made me heave till I thought I should have died.

Invocation to Bunker's-Hill—Ib.

Oh Bunker's Hill, *thou once a bloody* plain!

Apology—J. C**.

Dear Philadelphians, I pray you to excuse
If failings should appear in this my muse, &c.

TOBY.

* See his Apology to the Pilgrim's Progress.

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